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'T H R O U G H.'

THERE are seasons when we dream over a 'book' as we would over a 'running brook'—when the mind indulges in a reverie at the sight of words, similar to that which, during its listless moods, the murmur of waters sometimes induces. Music, also, will excite the like effects; when the mere time will lead to suggestions far other than the composer designed. We once knew a man who could thus dream over a 'dismal treatise' in a language which he did not understand, and put a meaning into every line of it—such a meaning as to prove the best mirror of his own intelligence that he ever looked into. Lexicons, collections of proverbs, and mottoes, are books naturally calculated to possess this influence. No one thinks of reading these in the usual way, on and on; but we pause, and dwell on words and phrases, until the mind becomes fixed, as it were, on one idea, and the eye remains gazing on one sentence or syllable: the brain at length slightly but pleasantly reels, and the object seems to vanish, and perception, introverted, wanders amid a world of associations, each following the other with the wildest rapidity, and connected by the slightest affinities. We have been led into this speculation by a little fact of this kind in our mental history. We were idolently amusing ourselves by turning over a book of heraldry, reading here and there, as it happened, this and that family motto, and examining this and that family crest, until at length our attention got arrested by the word which gives the title to our present paper. It is the motto of the Hamiltons; but, somehow, we thought immediately of Puck and his companion fairy in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream'—identifying the word with its older synonyme 'thorough.'

Puck. How now, spirit? Whither wander you?
Fairy. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire;
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere.

And we have heard now and then of a man, though generally spoken of as a miracle, who would go 'thorough flood, thorough fire,' to serve a friend, ay, or even an enemy. We are disposed to believe, too, that existing instances of the character are less occasional than the ungenerous of mankind would wish us to expect. The 'common earth' is as fruitful of examples, we hope, as the land of Faërie. All the inhabitants of either, it were not likely, should reach the desired standard. We know not whether the prankish knaveries of Puck himself, though benamed also Robin Goodfellow, were consistent with the possibility of his fulfilling all the conditions required by the rule; but we are certain that in this 'work day world' of ours there is many a plain

human Mr Goodfellow, who would think himself a very bad man, though he might make a tolerable fairy, if he were not habitually willing and ready to go all lengths for a deserving neighbour. Yes, there is many a plain human Mr Goodfellow who would *think* so; but are there many who would *do* so? Ay, that is the question.

Now, here it is that the subject becomes practically important. Mr Goodfellow may have good intentions; but to be Mr True Goodfellow, Mr Thoroughgoing Goodfellow, these intentions must be realised in actions. It is not enough to be 'pure in the last recesses of the mind;' the moral sense will not be satisfied unless this purity be shown in the daily deeds and conversation of a person; the ordinary habits must testify to its existence; it must shape our manners, and regulate our intercourse with society. Neither 'business nor leisure must be exempt from its operation. In love, in friendship, in trifles as well as in serious occupations, the principle of Thorough-going-ness must be manifested; for whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and the friend or lover who is suspected of being either, 'only so far'—'to such an extent'—is sure to be despised. It is an instinct of our better nature to visit such a delinquent with sovereign contempt.

Too many of us, however, stop far short of this. One man is in love perhaps, and his mistress has expectations; marriage under the circumstances would be a comfortable thing; but the lady's reasonable hopes are blighted, and he suddenly finds that he was mistaken in the state of his affections. He never proposes that they shall wait until he, by personal exertions, shall make 'the odds even;' but cuts short the affair at once, that he may not be deprived of the chance of a better matrimonial alliance. Another had a friend whom he loved dearly; but then that friend was prosperous; a day came when his friend would borrow a guinea, and, alas! he was out of cash. He was indeed fain to take up with the hypocritical lamentation of Lucius—'What a wicked beast was I to disfigure myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable!' How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour.' Yes, and a deal of honour is lost when thus 'policy sits above conscience.' In these few words, Shakespeare has condensed the entire truth of the argument. Only the thoroughgoing man can be truly honourable, truly religious.

For a while, however, Mr Worldly Policy and Mr Heavenly Conscience may seem to get on pretty smoothly together. They make excellent partners in business for a time; but this is while Mr Policy acts in subordination: so soon, however, as he claims to be the head of the firm, it is ten to one but it becomes bankrupt.

To commercial success, perhaps, there is no principle

so essential as the thoroughgoing one. We have known many a good speculation fail because the parties had not spirit enough to go 'through' with it. There will be 'rubs and botches' in the best calculated processes. We should make up our minds from the beginning to allow for friction; we should not expect that matters of business will proceed with strictly mathematical precision, though we should endeavour to make them as exact as possible. Having once formed a project, being duly satisfied of its propriety, and having taken the most eligible means of succeeding in it, we should suffer no accident that may arise in its progress so to affect our resolution as to preclude its ultimate attainment. Before the goal is reached, we readily concede that there is a weary and 'phantasmal interim' which puts the most manly courage to the test. But life is a battle, and time the battle-field; worthily occupy the latter, and bravely prosecute the former, and no fear need arise of the final, though perhaps remote result. It is a debt that you owe equally to yourself and your neighbours, to carry the project 'through.' Whatever your original means, you cannot prosecute it to a successful, or even to a partial issue, without their aid; and they must suffer as well as yourself by your want of perseverance. Both your honour and your honesty you will find involved, sooner or later, in the transaction; therefore, we say, let not impediments stop you, but 'through' them, like the ploughshare 'through' the soil, and heap them up on each side of you like ridges, leaving a midway channel before you in which progress is easy. Difficulties in such speculations generally arise from unforeseen circumstances, when you have got some little way in them; they are unexpected from inexperience; but to meet with them is to understand them, and once to understand is to vanquish them. A little decision here will do much, and once exerted, will most probably not again be wanted, at any rate not frequently. These dangers passed, all then is for the most part plain sailing; and the true man of business will come out of the affair with credit and profit.

The accomplishment of a meritorious design is a triumph; to fail in it, a shame. The world will laugh at you if, from weakness or terror, you stop short; it may laugh at you even while you are struggling. It sometimes does so spitefully, to induce the enterprising to pause. But you must not suffer yourself to be betrayed by this artifice. Laugh in your turn, and proceed in your work rejoicingly. The time will come when the scornors will 'laugh on the wrong side of the mouth.' It is generally the idle who thus seek to depress the energies of the diligent: let them then waste their time while you use yours. The end will justify your conduct. The time will come when you can afford to pity and forgive them for their want of sympathy and encouragement, and when they will wish that they had imitated instead of having disparaged your example.

DR WOLFF'S MISSION TO BOKHARA.

WHATEVER may be thought of the policy of Dr Wolff's mission to Bokhara, or of Captain Grover's motives in promoting the inquiry, it may be readily apprehended that the information obtained by it could not prove otherwise than interesting both to the general and studious reader. The narrative of Dr Wolff's journey* has been therefore received by us with special welcome, and, though unwilling to enter into the political question involved, we have thought it but right to glean from the record before us such items of knowledge as promised to be useful. In the character of Dr Wolff himself there are also extraordinary traits, rendering a portrait of him desirable; and we are happy to state that the reverend gentleman has not neglected to gratify

the reasonable curiosity of his readers, but has introduced his 'Narrative' with a sketch of his life previous to the period of his undertaking the perilous adventure of ascertaining the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.

Dr Wolff was born a Jew; but 'at an early period' he received what he calls 'pure Christianity in the schools of the enlightened Friedrich Leopold, Count of Stolberg, the well-known poet, celebrated Greek scholar, and statesman; next from the distinguished Roman Catholic bishop, Johannes Michael Sailer, Frint at Vienna, Bolzano at Prague, and the writings of Fenelon, Pascal, and Bossuet.' Afterwards introduced to Pope Pius VII., to Cardinal Litta, and the present Cardinal Ostini, he entered the Collegio Romano, and then the Propaganda at Rome. At length, for protesting against the abuses of the church, he was banished from Rome, and took refuge in the convent of Val-Saint, in Switzerland, amongst the monks of the order of the Congregatio Sanctissimi Redemptoris, or the so-called Ligorians. Growing conviction having compelled him to quit this community, he came to England and settled in Cambridge, in the year 1819—acquiring there the knowledge of theology under the Rev. Charles Simeon, of King's College, and studying Persian and Arabic under the direction of Professor Lee. In 1821 he commenced a series of missionary labours among the dispersed Jews in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Crimea, Georgia, and the Ottoman empire, which lasted five years. From 1826 to 1830, he employed himself among his brethren in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean. 'I then,' he writes, 'proceeded to Turkey, Persia, Turkistaun, Bokhara, Afghanistan, Cashmeer, Hindustaan, and the Red Sea, from 1831 to 1834. Bokhara and Balkh—when, in 1829, at Jerusalem—occupied especially my attention, on the ground that I expected to find in them the traces of the lost ten tribes of the dispersion. This led to my first visit to Bokhara.'

It is much to Dr Wolff's credit that he applied himself to the literary as well as to the theological objects of his different missions. Accordingly, he omitted no opportunity of examining both Armenian, Persian, Hebrew, Arabic, and Greek manuscripts. In the Armenian Bible he found 'an important variation. In Daniel viii. 14, they read 2068, whereas in our version it is 2300. In this passage, a manuscript in the possession of the Jews of Bokhara reads 2400 instead of 2300.'

Some of his personal adventures we will relate in his own words:—

'Amid the khans of Khorassan, Muhammed Izhak Kerahe of Torbad Hydaræ, the rustam of the East, was the most remarkable for ferocity. At Sangerd the caravan was attacked by robbers; one of them seized my horse, crying out, "Pool!" (money): I gave him all I had. I was soon surrounded by others, stripped even of the shirt on my back, and had a rag covered with vermin thrown over me, and was brought out into the highway, where all my fellow-travellers of the caravan were assembled, weeping and crying, and bound to the tails of horses. The robbers were twenty-four in number. We were driven along by them in continual gallop, on account of the approach of the Türkomauns; for if the Türkomauns had found them out, our robbers would have been made slaves by them, they being sheahs themselves. During the night three prisoners escaped. At two in the morning we slept in a forest. They had pity on me, and gave me a cup of tea made of my own; they then put a price on me and my servant, valuing him at ten, and myself at five tomauns. They took his money from him, by which I found that he had previously robbed me of sixteen tomauns. After this we were put in irons. They consulted about killing me, but did not do so, from fear of Abbas Mirza. The promise of a good ransom at Torbad Hydaræ saved my life. The first question put by the robbers openly before the people of Torbad was, "How is the tyrant Muhammed Izhak Khan going on? Is he not yet dead?"

* Narrative of a Mission to Bokhara, in the Years 1843-1845, to ascertain the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. By the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D.D., LL.D. London: John W. Parker, West Strand.

They replied, "No; but one of his sons is dead." *Robbers.* "A pity that he died not himself; then we should be free from that tyrant, and not be obliged to plunder people in the path, and eat the bread of blood." * *

Though naked, they examined us narrowly as we entered Torbad, thinking we might have money concealed about us. I exclaimed, "Hear, Israel" (a common exclamation of my countrymen throughout the world), and was soon surrounded by Jews. They pledged themselves that I should not run away, and received me to their homes. * * The next day I was desired to go back to the robbers, when I was suddenly put into irons, and chained with the rest of the slaves. One of the slave sellers, a malicious kurd, squeezed the irons over my legs crossways, to pain me still further. My fellow slaves, though bound in one common chain, cursed me incessantly. The director of the police said, "To this infidel you must give neither water to drink nor a galyoon to smoke, for he is nedshas (unclean). If he is thirsty, he may go to the well and drink like any other dog." Suddenly, in the midst of my persecutions, a man appeared, who exclaimed, "Is any Englishman here?" "Yes, yes," was my exclamation. The chains were removed, a soldier of Abbas Mirza had arrived with a letter for Muhammed Izhak Khan, ordering him to release me. He gave instant orders to that effect, and bastinadoed the robbers, wishing the whole matter to appear as done without his consent. I was brought before him. He is a tall stout man, with very large eyes, of black complexion, never looking into your face but with a down glance, a deep thundering voice. His sword, they say, is continually girt about him, and he does not lay it aside even in the bath. No one knows where he sleeps. He was seated upon a high throne, all others standing at a distance, terror in every look. He demanded what sum had been taken from me. I replied, Eighty tomanas. He got it from the robbers, but kept it himself. He then said, "You came here with books in order to show us the right way; well, go on."

It was during this journey, it would appear, that Dr Wolff confirmed that affection for Captain Conolly which he has since so singularly manifested. The Jews of Meshed having spoken to him of an exoteric and an esoteric religion, and been reproved by him for not yielding to the influence of Christianity, they observed that he 'was the second Englishman they had seen who was attached to the Book; THE FIRST WAS LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CONOLLY.' He had been in Meshed in 1829, and Dr Wolff had previously known him for 'an excellent, intrepid, and well-principled traveller;' and regretted that, from his want of patronage, he had not been remunerated for his journeys to Meshed, Herat, and Candahar. Meshed, the doctor tells us, is, despite its holy character, 'a grossly immoral place;' adding, that 'the number of pilgrims that arrive at the tomb of Imam Resa amounts to 20,000.' Shortly afterwards, Dr Wolff reached Bokhara: this was his first visit. Then Behadur Khan was king, twenty-eight years of age, who spent 'his mornings in reading the Arabic writings of Jelal and Bydawee with the mullahs, visited the grave of Baba Deen, a sanctified dervesh of Bokhara, and heard causes of dispute, during the remainder of the day, among his subjects.' After an interesting sojourn, Dr Wolff procured a passport, and, crossing the Oxus, proceeded to Balkh, Muzaur, Cabool, Peshawr, the Punjab, Belaspoor, Cashmeer, Delhi, Agra, and Cawnpore; at which last place he met with Lieutenant Conolly. But here we must quote Dr Wolff's own words:—

'When I travelled first in Khorassan, in the year 1831, I heard at Meshed, by the Jews, that an English traveller had preceded me there, by the name of Arthur Conolly, as I have already mentioned. They described him as a man who lived in the fear of God and of religion. The moment I arrived, he took me to his house, and not only showed me the greatest hospitality, but, as I was at that time short of money, he gave me every assistance in his power; and not only

so, he revised my journal for me with the most unaffected kindness. He also collected the Muhammedan mullahs to his house, and permitted me not only to discuss with them the subject of religion, but gave me most substantial assistance in combating their arguments. Conolly was a man possessed of a deep Scriptural knowledge; a capital textuary; and I bless God that he enjoyed that comfort in his captivity, that inward light, when the iron of tyranny—in his case as in that of holy Joseph—entered into his soul. Various enemies are always found to attack the lone missionary. Nobly and well did this gallant soldier acquit himself in the church militant, both in deeds of arms and deep devotion to the cause of Christ. In 1838, I again met with him in England. Here our friendship was renewed. At Constantinople I learnt that he expressed his deep affection for me to Count Stirmer. I often wished to repay him my debt of gratitude; and the instant the news reached me of his captivity in Bokhara, I offered my aid to release him, in letters to his family.'

We find Dr Wolff afterwards at Lucknow, Benares, Calcutta, Masulipatan, Hyderabad, Madras, Trichinopoly, Cochin, Goa, Poona, Bombay, Mocha, Jiddah, Suez, Cairo, and Alexandria. He returned to England in 1835, but quitted it again in the autumn of that year, and revisited Alexandria and Cairo, and other places. On the 30th May 1836 he arrived at Mosawah, on the African coast, from whence he proceeded to Eylet, Zassega, and other localities in Abyssinia and Arabia, particularly visiting the Rechabites around Sanaa. While at the latter place, a fever seized him—and again at Hodeydah. Next year, however, we find him in America, at New York, where he was received into the Episcopal church, and preached at Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore. He quitted New York on January 2, 1838, and arrived in England on the 28th; and shortly afterwards received his degree of LL.D. from the university of Dublin, and that of D.D. from America. In June following, he underwent priest's orders in Ireland from the lord bishop of Dromore; and immediately afterwards was made honorary chaplain to Lord Viscount Lorton.

'After eighteen years' peregrination in the world,' he continues, 'tired out and enfeebled in constitution, I contemplated now seriously settling in England as one of the clergy of its national church, when the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, was kind enough to procure me the situation of incumbent at Linthwaite, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, where I had the princely income of twenty-four pounds per annum, collected by pew rents, and no augmentation from Queen Anne's bounty. Previous to my arrival, the Pastoral Aid Society had given eighty pounds to my predecessor; but as I did not apply for it previous to my accepting the living, and as they said Lady Georgiana had a sufficient income, they refused to give it to me.'

After a stay of two years at Linthwaite, Dr Wolff exchanged it for the curacy of High Hoyland, near Wakefield; which, however, he left in 1843, having, the previous year, offered to travel to Bokhara to save Stoddart and Conolly.

There can be no doubt that, from his habits and experience, Dr Wolff was precisely the man to send on such a mission. Without repeating particulars with which our readers may be presumed to be already well acquainted, it may suffice to state that all preliminary arrangements were settled, and that Dr Wolff departed from England for Gibraltar on October 14, 1843. General anxiety was felt for his safety and welfare while engaged on the heroic adventure to which he had piously devoted himself. Extracts from his correspondence, reporting his progress, were regularly inserted in the papers; and on his arrival at Bokhara, public interest was excited in an almost unexampled degree. His safe deliverance thence was hailed as an event in which no less than the honour of England itself was greatly implicated. An authenticated and consecutive narrative of the whole transaction was therefore eagerly

expected, and is given to us in the two bulky volumes on our table.

There is no utility in retracing ground already travelled over. We will therefore proceed at once with Dr Wolff to Constantinople, where he had an interview with Sir Stratford Canning, who from first to last rendered him every possible assistance and protection; and he was introduced to the Sheikh Islam, the first mullah of the Muhammedan religion, who received him kindly, and told him that he had already corresponded on the subject with the mullahs of Khiva, Bokhara, Khokand, and Daghestaun. The Reis Effendi also delivered to Dr Wolff eight letters of introduction:—

'I. From the sultan: 1, to the king of Khiva; 2, to the king of Bokhara, which his majesty wrote with his own hand at night.

'II. From the Sheikh Islam: 1, to the mullahs of Bokhara; 2, to the mullahs of Khiva; 3, to the mullahs of Khokand.

'III. From the Reis Effendi: 1, to the pasha of Trebizond; 2, to the pasha of Erzurum; 3, to the general-in-chief of the army at Erzroom.'

At Trebizond, Dr Wolff was received with similar civilities—and, in addition, a sum equivalent to forty-four pounds was subscribed towards defraying his expenses. At Erzroom, he likewise met with great sympathy; there were there many English and Russians, besides Persians and Turks. The pasha showed him great respect, and promised to defray the whole expense of his journey to the Persian frontier. The next village of any importance at which Dr Wolff stopped was Tabreez, where he was introduced to the prince of Tabreez and the chief mullah. Here he came to the conclusion, not only that Conolly and Stoddart were yet alive, but that the power of Muhammedan fanaticism is declining. On his arrival at Teheraun, Dr Wolff had an interview with Colonel Shiel, the British envoy in Persia, who then seemed to be of opinion, on the evidence of the eljee or ambassador from Bokhara, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were not killed, but kept in prison. But this evidence was, after all, doubtful; for the same eljee had told the ambassador of Persia that they were dead; and that the ameer of Bokhara had proceeded against Stoddart for having, contrary to his warning, continued his correspondence with his countrymen in India, and against Conolly for having gone to Khokand. But whether they were dead or not, Dr Wolff resolved on entering Bokhara; and, in case of the worst proving true, there demanding their bodies, to put them in camphor, and convey them to Constantinople, and thence to London. To that city, accordingly, armed with a letter from the shah of Persia to the ameer of Bokhara, he proceeded without delay.

We pass over the occurrences at Meshed and Mowr, as not containing matter of general interest, and hasten at once to Karakol, where rooms were assigned to Dr Wolff 'by the governor, by order of the ameer of Bokhara, and proper provision sent for him.' Here his mind soon felt misgivings—nor without reason, for his servants deserted him, and he learned besides that the ameer persisted in looking upon all Europeans as spies, and would execute them accordingly: the governor himself, indeed, expressed his opinion, that the instant Dr Wolff reached Bokhara he would be beheaded. Perceiving that his only safety depended on his maintaining his character as a mullah, Dr Wolff dressed himself in full canonicals, and kept the Bible open in his hand. 'The uncommon character of these proceedings,' he says, 'attracted crowds from Shar Islam to Bokhara.' Thus armed with his sacred vestments and book, he had courage to resist the temptation of his escort, Dil Assa Khan, who counselled him to enter Bokhara as a poor man. The rest of the description must be given in Dr Wolff's own words:—

'Shouts of "Selaam Aleikoom" from thousands rang upon my ear. It was a most astonishing sight; people from the roofs of the houses, the Nogay Tatars of Russia, the Cossacks and Kirghese from the deserts, the

Tatar from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchant of Cashmeer, the serkerdeha or grantees of the king on horseback, the Affghauns, the numerous water-carriers, stopped still and looked at me; Jews with their little caps, the distinguishing badge of the Jews of Bokhara, the inhabitants of Khokand, politely smiling at me; and the mullahs from Chekarpoor and Sinde looking at me and saying, "Inglesse Saheb;" veiled women screaming to each other, "Englees eljee, English ambassador;" others coming by them and saying, "He is not an eljee, but the grand derveesh, derveesh kelaun of Englistaan."

'My addresses had been circulated throughout all the parts of Persia, Türkistaun, and Bokhara; my object had become widely understood, and I doubtless reaped the fruit of making the object of my mission thus clear and intelligible to all the Mussulman world. Amid the continued shouts of "Selaam Aleikoom," I looked closely among the populace, in the hope that I might recognise Stoddart or Conolly. It was vain.

'Before we were carried to our assigned quarters, we were brought what they emphatically call "bala," up to the palace of the king. This is situated on a lofty eminence. When we reached it, the serkerdeha, that is, the grantees of the empire, were just leaving it, riding upon horseback. The people crowded in masses on me, demanding, "What book have you in your hand?" I replied, "The *Towrat-e-Moosa* (Laws of Moses), the *Saboor-e-Dawood* (Psalms of David), and the *Anjeel-e-Esau* (Gospel of Christ), and the Prophecies of Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, &c. Devoutly did those poor unenlightened souls touch the book. At the entrance of the palace gate we were ordered to dismount from our horses. Only the grantees of the empire, and ambassadors of the sultan of Constantinople, of the shah of Persia, should they come to Bokhara, are permitted to enter the palace gates on horseback. No Christian, heathen, or any other ambassador, is allowed that privilege. Singular to say, however, I was allowed this privilege at my audience of leave, prior to my departure from Bokhara.

'Previous to our entrance, one of his majesty's mahrams appeared before me, and said, "His majesty condescends to ask whether you would be ready to submit to the mode of salaam" (for Stoddart Saheb refused, and drew his sword). I asked, "In what does the salaam consist?" He replied, "You are placed before his majesty, who will sit upon the bala hanah (from whence balkan is derived), and the shekhaw (minister of foreign affairs) will take hold of your shoulders, and you must stroke your beard three times, and three times bow, saying at each time, "Allah akbar, Allah akbar, Allah akbar"—"God is the greatest, God is the greatest, God is the greatest;" "Salaamat padishah"—"Peace to the king." On being asked if I would do so three times, I said, "Thirty times, if necessary." Entering the gate, we were desired to sit down upon a stone seat, and after a few minutes' delay, were ordered to send up our letters.

'After the letters were sent up, we were brought before the king—Dil Assa Khan and myself. His majesty was seated in the balcony of his palace, looking down upon us; thousands of people in the distance. All eyes were bent on me, to see if I would submit to the etiquette. When the shekhaw took hold of my shoulders, I not only submitted to his doing so to me three times, but I bowed repeatedly, and exclaimed unceasingly, "Peace to the king," until his majesty burst into a fit of laughter, and of course all the rest standing around us. His majesty said, "Enough, enough, enough." We were then ordered to retire. The shekhaw, an officer who answers to our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, then assured me that his majesty had smiled upon me, and exclaimed, "What an extraordinary man this Englishman is, in his eyes, and his dress, and the book in his hand."

From Dr Wolff's account, this monarch must be a sad barbarian: his ascent to the throne, effected by the killing of his father, was attended by the murder of se-

veral of his brothers. Notwithstanding that Dr Wolff was at first graciously accepted, the clouds of danger soon gathered around him. The house formerly belonging to Turah Zadeh, brother to the present king, who was killed by order of the latter, being assigned to him as his dwelling, all liberty of going out as he pleased was from that moment taken from him: he was watched day and night by the makhrams of the king, and was continually subject to official examinations. At one of these, the Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan certified Dr Wolff of the deaths of Conolly and Stoddart in the following manner:—

'When Colonel Stoddart arrived at Bokhara, his majesty sent a whole troop of soldiers to receive him: he came to Bokhara, and to the Ark, just when Hazrat returned from a pilgrimage to Baba Deen Nakshbande (a holy man buried outside the town). Colonel Stoddart was on horseback. The shekhawl and several other *serkerdeha* (grantees) went up to him and said, "This is his majesty; you must dismount;" but he replied, "I have no orders for doing so." The ameer smiled, and said he is a mehmoo (guest). When you, Joseph Wolff, made your salaam before the ameer, the shekhawl took slightly hold of your shoulders to make you bow down; you submitted with your book in the hand; but when the shekhawl only touched Colonel Stoddart, he laid his hand on his sword and drew it. Nothing was said to this. The house of Turah, the same house in which you live, was assigned to him as his quarters. When, a few days after, the reis (one of the mullahs who watch over the people, and have power to flog any one who does not observe strictly the Muhammedan religion) sent one of his friends to Stoddart, and asked him whether he was an eljee (ambassador) or a sodagur (merchant), Stoddart replied, "*Eat dung!*"

'His imprisonment upon this occasion the nayeb passed over in silence, and continued, "At last, from fear, Stoddart said he would become a Mussulman; and according to the Muhammedan religion, if a person says he will turn Mussulman, he must either do so or die. He became a Mussulman, and a short time after openly avowed again the Christian religion. At last it was agreed that he should write to England to be acknowledged as the accredited agent of Great Britain at the court of Bokhara, and that the king of Bokhara should be the acknowledged sovereign of Turkistaun, &c.; and Colonel Stoddart promised that in four months an answer should arrive from the government of England. Though at his (Stoddart's) request, japor khans (post houses) were established from Bokhara to Sarakhs, which did not exist either at Bokhara or in the land of Turkistaun from the time of Afrasiab, *fourteen months* elapsed, and no answer arrived. During the time that Colonel Stoddart was at Bokhara, Captain Conolly went from Organtsh (Khiva) to Khokand, where he stopped a considerable time, exciting both countries to wage war against the ameer of Bokhara. He at last arrived at Bokhara, announcing himself as a British agent, without having any letters from the British government; and whatever Colonel Stoddart had agreed to, he upset, announcing to the king of Bokhara that the British government would never interfere with the affairs of Turkistaun, and all that Colonel Stoddart had agreed to went for nothing. Thus it was clear that Colonel Stoddart was a liar. During the stay of Conolly and Stoddart, they took every opportunity of despatching, in the most stealthy manner, letters to Cabul; and on this account his majesty became displeased, and both Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart were brought, with their hands tied, behind the Ark (palace of the king), in presence of Makhram Saadat, when Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly kissed each other, and Colonel Stoddart said to Saadat, "Tell the ameer that I die a disbeliever in Muhammed, but a believer in Jesus—that I am a Christian, and a Christian I die." And Conolly said, "Stoddart, we shall see each other in paradise (behesht), near Jesus." Then Saadat gave the order to cut off, first the head of Stoddart, which

was done; and in the same manner the head of Conolly was cut off."

By the order of the ameer, Dr Wolff also addressed a letter to Captain Grover, containing the official details of their execution, stating that it took place in the month of Sarratan 1259. Relatively to this date, considerable difficulty exists; as given in the letter referred to, it corresponds with July 1843. To Colonel Shiel, however, Dr Wolff gave the date as being July 1842. This difference becomes important from the circumstance, that, if the latter be the correct time, the event happened too early for the English government to have prevented it; if the former, its interference would have been possible. We perceive that Dr Wolff, for more reasons than one, adheres, in the volumes before us, to the date he first gave. He regrets, he says, the paper which he gave to Colonel Shiel, which, he adds, 'should not have been demanded from me when I was in a state of the greatest excitement, ill and miserable, and attended by Dr Kade, the physician of the Russian embassy.' At the same time, we cannot refrain from saying that the subject is, even on the most favourable showing, involved in so much doubt, that no argument can be maintained on it either on one side or the other. So far as the settlement of this question is concerned, the mission to Bokhara has been fruitless.

For this inadvertence Dr Wolff, however, should be pardoned; since it is quite clear that he was in such peril at Bokhara, as would have daunted the bravest man, and involved the most cautious in a thousand perplexities. From time to time he was detained on frivolous pretences, long after his immediate mission was finished, and exposed to every kind of annoyance, extortion, insult, and tribulation, either for the purpose of involving him in some transactions that should justify his punishment, inducing him to apostatise, or augmenting the terms of his ransom. He was, in fact, a state prisoner, under a tyrant used to passive submission; and in the hands of barbarians, who took no pains to conceal from him that they were thieves and robbers. On one occasion 'a mullah came, and asked me, in his majesty's name, whether I would turn Mussulman. I replied, "Tell the king, never—never—never!" He asked me, "Have you not a more polite answer for the king?" I said, "I beg you to tell his majesty that you asked me whether I had not a more polite answer for his majesty, and I said, "Decidedly not." A few hours after, the executioner came—the same who had put to death Stoddart and Conolly—and said, "Joseph Wolff, to thee it shall happen as it did to Stoddart and Conolly," and made a sign at my throat with his hand. I prepared for death.' By, however, the interference of the Persian ambassador, Wolff was released: and, with a suddenness of caprice for which tyrants are famous, was even *ta'en* into favour at court. He was then dismissed with presents, and in great state; the infamous nayeb, Abdul Samut Khan, having, however, made provision that certain assassins should be in the train, who were pledged to murder him on the road. All these difficulties, however, he was destined to escape, greatly owing to his own prudence in never separating from his Persian friends. Dr Wolff arrived in the Persian capital on the 3d November 1844, and left it three days later. He returned to London by way of Tabreez, Erzerum, Trebizond, and Constantinople.

Before we close this subject, we are desirous of extracting some account of Bokhara. 'Bokhara is situated in 39 degrees 27 minutes north latitude, 80 degrees 19 minutes east longitude. It is surrounded by deserts, and watered by the little river Wafkan, which flows between forests of fruit trees and gardens. It has eleven gates, and a circumference of fifteen English miles; three hundred and sixty mosques, twenty-two caravanseries, many baths and bazaars; and the old palace called Ark, built by Arslan Khan one thousand years ago; and has about one hundred splendid colleges. The houses have neither roofs nor windows. The population amounts to one hundred and eighty thousand, composed of Tat-

ahicks, Nogays, Affghans, Mervces, Usbecks, and ten thousand Jews, who are dyers and silk traders, and must wear a small cap, and girdle around their waist, to be distinguished from the Muhammedans. There are several thousand slaves. There are about three hundred merchants from Scinde, and many derveshes. Whole streets contain nothing but shops and magazines for merchants from all the parts of Türkistaun, Cashgar, Hindustaun, and Russia. There are great numbers of country houses, with gardens called Jehaar-Baghs, all around Bokhara. Most delightful villages are to be found eight miles around Bokhara. A sickness prevails, chiefly in the city, called Rishta—an immense worm comes out of the knees, and makes people frequently lame for life: it is ascribed to the water. Ophthalmia is also prevalent. There is only one Jewish physician of some skill, who prides himself on knowing the sense of the word "antimonial" and perpetually uses it, as Abdul Samut Khan prides himself on knowing how to say, "Halt! front!"

The principles of absolutism are dominant in Bokhara. 'Whatever crime or cruelty the king of Bokhara commits, the people simply observe, "This was an act of the king"—"Who can fathom the heart of a king?"' The colleges of Bokhara are, it appears, 'splendid and beautiful buildings.' In them the writings of the learned Sunnees, as well as of the Sheahs, are read and discussed. Oratory, rhetoric, poetry, and logic, are studied besides the Koran; disputations are carried on in a scholastic manner; Jelani, Beydawee, are read. They take as their guide the schools established in Yemen. There is also an ancient Jewish synagogue in Bokhara, though it is out of repair; indeed the ameer has some predilection for the religion of the Hebrew, since he witnesses the celebration of the Feast of Tabernacles, and partakes of the banquet. Besides, he has never seized on a Jewish woman, as he has done on the wives of his great ministers. Both he and his nayeb are connected with the Ismaeels, whom the former sends for some great purposes always to murder people whom he suspects, like the old man of the mountain, the chief of the assassins. Thus, for instance, one of his serkerdehs, whom he suspected, and who had fled to Shahr-Sabz, was murdered in the palace of the khan of Shahr-Sabz, and the head was brought in triumph to Bokhara.' Dr Wolff, therefore, did not feel himself safe even when so far from Bokhara as Trebizond, and was thrown into considerable trepidation by being assigned there an apartment close to the ambassador of Bokhara.

'He did not,' says the doctor, 'himself come near me, but, what is extraordinary, a makhram, sent after us by the ameer, called on me, and he told me that he believed that the nayeb, Abdul Samut Khan, had met with his deserts already, or would certainly meet with punishment shortly. I confess that I was not easy in his company; though I know that people will think that my fear was imaginary, I am not ashamed to confess it.' 'I have already,' says Dr Wolff in another place, 'adverted to the circumstance that one of the ameer's brothers was murdered at Khokand, and another at Orenbourg, and besides this, that makhram, whose name was Shereef Sultaun, whenever he came to me, desired me to send away my servants. It may be objected that the ameer would not do such a thing, for he would put in jeopardy his own ambassador; but to this I answer, such an argument is quite ridiculous, for a savage like the ameer does not care a straw for the life of his ambassador. It may be objected also that the nayeb would not do such a thing, for he is in the power of the ameer; but to this I answer, that it remains still to be seen whether the ameer will put to death the nayeb or the nayeb the ameer. Both are bent upon each other's destruction, and the self-interests of both cause each to delay the execution of the deed.'

Such facts as these are sufficient to show the savage state in which Bokhara is lying; for the distinct con-

ception which we have now obtained of this, we are greatly indebted to the perseverance of Dr Wolff. The charges made against the two victims of its barbarity by the nayeb are probably false, and Captain Grover, we fear, has too rashly assumed their truth; but the question, whether the Foreign Office is or is not censurable for neglecting its officers in peril, depends on the date of their execution; and this is a matter now involved in such doubt, that no solution of the difficulty is possible. Dr Wolff's conduct, however, cannot fail of having considerable influence both at home and abroad.

THE TREE AND THE FOREST.

A STORY WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG, BUT WHICH MAY BE READ BY THE OLD.

[From the French of Madame Guizot.]

'WHAT splendid trees!' said Monsieur D'Ambly, as he was passing by a fine forest of oaks.

'What a splendid fire they would make!' replied his son Eugene. Eugene had read a few days before in a book of travels the description of a wood on fire, and he could think of nothing else. He was an admirer of everything that was uncommon, everything that produced an effect or a commotion, and, like most children, he seldom carried his ideas beyond what he saw.

'If it would not injure any person,' said he, 'I would be very glad this forest would take fire; it would be a glorious sight. I am sure, papa, that its light would extend as far as the chateau.'

'Would it then be such a pleasant thing to see a tree burning?'

'Oh, a tree,' said Eugene, 'that would be hardly worth the trouble; but a forest would be magnificent.'

'Since we are on the subject of burning,' said Monsieur D'Ambly, 'I think it would be well to cut down that young lime tree on the lawn opposite the chateau; it grows too fast; and if it should spread much more, it would quite intercept our view; I will therefore cut it down for fuel.'

'Oh, papa,' exclaimed Eugene, 'that lime tree that has grown so beautiful since last year! I was looking at it the other day, and I saw shoots of this year as long as my arm.'

At this moment they came to a young poplar which had been blown down by a storm the preceding day. Its leaves were not yet withered, but its young shoots, though still green, began to lose their vigour; they were soft and weak, as if drooping from want of water; but in that case a refreshing shower would have restored it to health and freshness, whereas now it was beyond recovery. Eugene stopped before the poplar, and lamented it.

'Such,' said Monsieur D'Ambly, 'will in two days more be the state of our lime tree.'

'Ah!' cried Eugene, 'can you have the heart to say so?'

'Why not? A lime is not more valuable than a poplar, or an oak; and you would like to see this whole forest in a blaze.'

'Indeed, papa, that is a very different thing.'

'Yes, there is certainly a vast difference between a person cutting down a tree that incommodes him, and that he would then make use of for fuel, and fourteen or fifteen thousand that you would burn for your pleasure.'

'But I do not know those trees.'

'Neither do you know this poplar that you have just been lamenting.'

'But at least I see it.'

'You can as easily see all those that surround it. Look at this one, how strong and how straight it is!'

'Oh, what a fine oak! I do not think my arms could reach round it. See, papa, how high it is, and those three great branches which grow from it look like large trees.'

'It must be sixty or seventy years old: it will grow at least twenty more.'

'How enormous it will be then! I hope I shall see it.'

'But if it should be burned in the meantime?'

'I should be very sorry, now that I know it.'

'You would, then, only spare those trees from the fire which have come under your own particular notice: this is too common a case. Would it give you more pleasure to see this one burning?' said Monsieur D'Ambly, as he showed him another, divided into four enormous trunks, which shot from the same root.

'No, indeed. Look, it makes quite an arbour. Papa, some day when we have more time we will come and sit here, shall we not?'

'So, then, here are two that you would spare from the conflagration of the forest.'

'Oh, if I could but see it on fire, what a fine effect it would have from the windows of the chateau; I should think only of my two favourite oaks that I should be so sorry to see burning.'

'But all those you see equally deserve to become favourites, and those you cannot see are quite as fine; they have each in their different forms something that would interest you as much as your two favourite oaks, the poplar, or our lime tree.'

'I do believe that if I were to think of every particular tree that composed a forest, it would take away all wish to see it burned.'

'That shows the necessity of consideration, my son, to avoid the risk of forming unreasonable wishes, to put them in practice, perhaps, when you grow up. You will probably never have a forest to burn, but you may have men to conduct: just think what might be the consequence of your forgetting that a district, a town, a community, is composed of individuals, as you just now forgot that a forest is composed of trees.'

'Ah, papa, in such a case I could not forget myself.'

'I knew some years ago,' said Monsieur D'Ambly, 'a very good, but rather obstinate man, of the name of De Marne. He had a quarrel with the director of a hospital established in a small town on one of his estates. The greater part of the property of the hospital was situated on this estate, and dependent on it, as was then the custom; that is to say, the hospital only held these lands on condition of paying certain rents to Monsieur de Marne, and of receiving two patients at his option. This right he held in consequence of his ancestors having given these lands to the hospital, and it descended to all the proprietors of the estate. The director began to dispute with Monsieur de Marne about the payment of the rent, and maintained that he had no right to send more than one patient to the hospital. Monsieur de Marne was exceedingly angry, and a lawsuit was the consequence; and it so happened that the person employed by Monsieur de Marne, in searching the papers which had been sent to him, to prove his right, discovered, or thought he had discovered, that the ground which had occasioned the lawsuit belonged to Monsieur de Marne, and not to the hospital, because, said he, the ancestors of Monsieur de Marne only gave it for a certain time, and on certain conditions which had not been fulfilled; so that Monsieur de Marne ought to take possession of it. This would be the ruin of the hospital. The day Monsieur de Marne received this intelligence he was delighted; and the more so, as he had just learned that one of the patients whom he had sent to the hospital had died, in consequence of a relapse from having been discharged too soon. His widow, who was left destitute, travelled on foot to Paris, with her youngest child on her back, to implore the assistance of Monsieur de Marne. She cried bitterly as she related the last words of her husband, who said, when he was dying, "If Monsieur de Marne had been here, he would have had me kept in the hospital, and I should have recovered."

'As Monsieur de Marne listened, with tears in his

eyes, to this recital, he exclaimed, "That villain of a director, I will be the ruin of him!" He forgot that it was the hospital he would ruin, and that he would thus put out perhaps a hundred patients, all as poor and as sick as poor Jacques, and whose condition, had he recollected it, would be equally grievous.

'The lawsuit was carried on with great vigour, not by Monsieur de Marne, who was detained by business in Paris, but by his law agent, who, being interested in supporting what he had advanced, pursued it warmly; and fearing that Monsieur de Marne would relinquish his right, took care to keep back what was said in the country, of his folly and madness in trying to ruin a hospital which was such a public benefit, and the daily melancholy accounts of the state to which the patients were reduced, because the director, being obliged to give up a great deal of time and money to the lawsuit, had not enough for the necessary expenses of the hospital. Had Monsieur de Marne known all these particulars, his kindly feelings would have returned; he could not have endured the idea of causing so much evil; but instead of that, his agent only entertained him with accounts of the ill doings of the director, and of the designs he had against him. Every letter he received made him more and more angry; and his hatred of one man made him forget the claims of a hundred others, on whom he should have had compassion.

'At length he gained his lawsuit. He had for some days been endeavouring to procure admission for a poor woman into the hospital of incurables at Paris. "Here are two pieces of good news," said he, as he read the letters which announced the success of each of his undertakings; and he wrote immediately to his law agent, expressing his satisfaction at the manner in which he had conducted his suit, and to the person who had procured admission for the poor woman into the hospital of incurables, thanking him for his kindness.

'For some time he thought no more of the matter; however, he one day received a letter from his agent, telling him that the director had become a bankrupt, and had died; that no one knew where he was; and to increase his dislike to the man, he added, that during three days that his flight was unknown, because he said he was only going into the country, the patients had neither bread nor broth, and that only for some charitable individuals in the neighbourhood who had sent them relief, most of them must have died; and that it was probable some of them would die from the effects of their sufferings, and from their dismay at hearing that the hospital was likely to fall to the ground. He said it had obtained some respite, as the gentry in the town and neighbourhood had given great assistance; but it was all insufficient, and they were obliged to discharge the least suffering; that they left the hospital in tears; and that several who lived in distant villages had fallen on the road from weakness and disappointment. All these details began to make Monsieur de Marne very uneasy. The agent added at the end of his letter, "Every one observed that the director had neither order nor economy: for a long time the affairs of the hospital have been in a bad state, and the loss of the suit has completed it." Then Monsieur de Marne felt his conscience reproach him for what he had done: he pictured to himself those unfortunate people leaving the hospital in tears, sinking with weakness and grief, and perhaps calling for curses upon him. He thought of the three days that they had been without either bread or broth, and he fancied he saw their pale and emaciated countenances, and began to consider each of them individually, as you just now began to consider the trees of the forest. There was not one of them that he would not have shed his blood to save. He could not endure the idea of all the evil which he had caused them, and endeavoured to throw all the blame upon the director. He wrote to his agent, desiring him to send relief to a considerable amount, and as soon as it was possible, he set off himself to this estate, where he had not been for a long time. On his arrival, he repaired

to the town where the hospital had been: it was closed: the last patient had left it, and the house was to be sold to satisfy the creditors. Monsieur de Marne perceived that a great many people avoided him; the lawsuit had given them a very bad opinion of him, and the friends and relations of the director had contributed to increase it; indeed the misery which had been caused to so many poor people had thrown an odium over the whole affair, and turned every person against him. The report spread that he was come to purchase the house and the rest of the hospital lands; and one day, as he was passing through the streets, the children threw stones at him. He began to feel all the injury he had done, and a thousand circumstances perpetually reminded him of it. The son of Jacques, the poor man whose widow he had assisted, had broken his leg, and it remained quite distorted. Monsieur de Marne told his mother that she ought to have had it set. "That would have been easy," she replied, "when there was an hospital here; but now—" and she stopped.

He saw that the country people were neglecting to cultivate their gardens, which he knew had been profitable to them, and inquired the reason. "Oh," said they, "we used to sell our vegetables to the hospital; but now—" and they stopped; and Monsieur de Marne saw that every one's mind was filled with a subject which it would be impossible for him ever to forget. He was about to quit the country, and even to sell his estate, when an epidemical disease broke out in the next village. It was prevalent there almost every year; and it was for that reason especially that the hospital had been originally founded by a man of wealth, who, having been attacked by the disease, made a vow that, if he recovered, he would found an hospital, into which all the poor of the village, and of a certain distance round it, should be received and taken care of. When his benevolent object was completed, all the poor, on the first symptom of disease, repaired to the hospital, where, from the care and attention they received, they in most cases soon recovered; and it was also a great means of preventing contagion. This year the disorder was particularly severe, and the ill feeling towards Monsieur de Marne rose to a great height. He sent large assistance to the village, and endeavoured to mitigate the sufferings of the poor people; but he still heard it said as he passed along, "There goes Monsiur de Marne, who has come to restore some small part of the hospital land." If he visited a sick person, and inquired after his health, he would say, "I thank you, sir; it is tolerable; but I should have recovered much sooner at the hospital." Overwhelmed with remorse, uneasiness, and fatigue, he took the disorder and died, chiefly of grief, for having at any time forgotten that an hospital is filled with individuals, as you just now forgot that a forest is composed of separate trees.

"Ah, papa! how melancholy that was," said Eugene, who had listened with the greatest attention.

"My son," said Monsieur D'Ambly, "when you grow up, you will see even worse consequences arise from that want of reflection which makes us regardless of everything that does not come under our own observation, so that when objects are too great for us to see their details, we think nothing about them."

At that moment Eugene, in a musing mood, took up a stone, as was his custom, to throw among a flight of sparrows which had alighted near him: he paused. "Papa," said he, "I will not throw a stone at those sparrows, for I remember how sorry I feel when any person torments my sister's canary bird, and when I see the poor little thing trying to save itself in every corner of the cage: it seems to me as if each of those sparrows, were I to frighten them, would feel just as my sister's bird does."

"That is precisely, my son, what you ought to do if ever you are intrusted with the interests of a number of persons at once; and that you may be tempted to forget that the regiment you command, or the department you have to manage, is composed of men like

yourself; and you should always put yourself, or those you love, in the place of each of them."

They now reached home, and passed close by the lime tree.

"Ah!" said Eugene, "I must take my leave of you."

"No," said Monsieur D'Ambly, smiling, "it shall remain, provided you promise to remember, every time you look at it, that each tree in a forest is entitled to as much respect as your lime, and that in an assemblage of persons, whatever may be their denomination, each person's interest is of as much importance as your own."

WANT OF READING-ROOMS IN LONDON.

DENIZENS of the provinces are sometimes told by their London friends, that in that city there is every imaginable luxury and convenience. The assertion is liable to exception. We have never visited the metropolis without experiencing a difficulty in seeing the newspapers. Did we belong to a club, or to a literary institution, this difficulty would not be experienced. Were we willing to frequent taverns or coffee-houses, we might see at least a morning, if not also an evening or weekly paper. But if the contrary be the case, an ordinary stranger has no chance of procuring these gratifications without a considerable expense. The cause of this is the want of reading-rooms, where one may see the journals at a small charge, free from all other responsibilities. There is not in London any institution corresponding to the Exchange Rooms of Manchester, Glasgow, and many other cities, where a stranger is allowed to attend free for some time, and where he sees the principal newspapers of the empire. Neither, as far as we could hear, is there any private newspaper reading-room, such as are seen in many smaller cities, where, for a small charge per visit, he can indulge to the utmost possible extent in journal-devouring; having spread before him the *Heralds*, *Gazettes*, and *Chronicles* of not only London, but the principal towns in the country. One may, indeed, have a London paper left at his lodgings for an hour by a newsman at a small charge; but this is very far short of what is needed. A gentleman from the country would like, while in London, to see the whole of the newspapers of the district to which he belongs, as well as a variety of the metropolitan and other provincial journals. Thousands of such persons must every day feel this want, and suffer inconvenience from its not being supplied.

There are, we believe, in London a few reading-rooms apart from houses of entertainment; but they are conducted on a very slender scale, and are thinly scattered. There are also a few houses of entertainment, in which a great number of journals are to be found, which strangers are allowed to consult by paying a small fee, should they not require refreshment. This we believe to be the case at the Messrs Deacon's of Walbrook. These individuals, besides keeping a coffee or tea house, are the London agents for a vast number of provincial newspapers: consequently, in their establishment at least one journal from each town in Great Britain, besides all the metropolitan newspapers, may be seen. The same may be said of the older established house known as 'Peels' in Fleet Street. There is, besides, a large coffee-house in High Holborn called 'The Crown,' where a great many newspapers, magazines, &c. are taken in. But these places exist almost in vain for the stranger, as he may visit London a score of times (as we have done) without once hearing of them; or, should he know of their existence, they may be so far from his ordinary resorts as to be useless to him. In short, the practical state of the case, we know, is such, that to most visitors of London, the time spent there is a time of defective intelligence. A gentleman feels himself

cut off from all but one or two of the sources of information which he enjoys in the country. Instead of the scores of papers, as well as other journals, which he may see at any hour of the day in his own town, he is probably condemned to a single brief visit of the one sole and eternal *Times*, containing, over and above the public news, only such minor matters as are interesting to a Londoner. And even the ordinary inhabitants of London, unless those who frequent the Hall of Commerce in the centre of the city, and the other places above specified, have nothing like the same advantages in this respect as the inhabitants of the secondary cities of the empire. They may have their one or two London journals at a coffee-house, and such as belong to the 'clubs' may command a somewhat more liberal share of intelligence; but they have no opportunity of consulting anything like that variety of home, foreign, and colonial journals which the gentlemen of most of the lesser cities of Britain obtain for their annual guinea, and to which, in most cases, strangers are admitted for a month without any charge whatever.

Amongst the many schemes continually under trial in London, why is there not one for supplying this want? To give some idea of what is required, let us advert to the character of the provincial news-rooms. They are mostly of one class; namely, Subscription Reading-rooms; that is to say, the principal men of business in the town subscribe one or at most two guineas each for a room, usually called the Exchange Room, where they may meet at any hour, and where all the principal newspapers and shipping and commercial lists of the empire are taken in. Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Glasgow, Dundee, and many other large towns, are thus provided. In other instances, the room is a matter of private enterprise: for example, in Edinburgh there is a room of this kind, instead of one upon the subscription plan. The proprietors (Messrs Harthill and Son) charge a pound a year, or five shillings a quarter, for the privilege of access; but a stranger, or any other person, may visit it if he puts a penny into a box at the door. What is rather surprising, there is no one of the Subscription Rooms so liberally furnished with papers as this. We find, on inquiry, that it takes in eight London daily papers (several copies of each), forty-five London weekly, forty-four English provincial, thirteen Irish, fifteen Edinburgh (of some ten copies of each), forty-eight Scottish provincial, being all that are published, and nineteen foreign and colonial. There are, besides, five-and-twenty of the principal periodicals, monthly and quarterly, and all the share-lists published throughout the country; in all, 700 papers per week, or above 100 for each working day. So liberal an entertainment laid before the stranger in our northern capital, at the charge of a penny, contrasts strangely with the single *Times* which the same money obtains from a newsman in London. But it is not here alone that this convenience is upon a better footing than in the metropolis. There is now hardly a small burgh or thriving village in Scotland, where it is not possible to command more sources of public intelligence at a small charge, than in that city which boasts of supplying every imaginable want with unprecedented nicety.

It has sometimes been remarked that there is less interest in public affairs in London than in the provinces. It is still more certain that such interest as the Londoners have to bestow upon public matters is extremely limited in its scope. The view of an intelligent person in the country comprehends London as well as the provinces; but persons of intelligence in London are very apt to look little beyond their own city. Hence there is often a greater provinciality in the London mind than in that of the provinces. May not this be owing, in some measure, to the habits of the people of London with regard to the reading of newspapers? The everlasting diet upon the one morning paper, must tend greatly to narrow the mind and concentrate the sympathies; a wider range of intellectual pasturage might be expected to have the opposite effect. For this

reason, as well as with regard to our own interests as occasional visitors of that all but paperless metropolis, we desire most earnestly that right and fitting reading-rooms were established in it.

THE HISTORY OF HOUSE LIGHTS.

A GREAT deal of discussion has been kept up concerning the respective merits of various inventions for lighting apartments. The question of lamps or candles has for the last dozen years been argued and experimented upon, and, except in localities where pure gas is to be obtained, it is not yet finally settled. To give fresh interest to the discussion, we propose producing some facts concerning the contrivances our predecessors adopted for lighting the darkness of their habitations.

To begin at the very beginning, we may readily conceive that aboriginal man, having provided himself with a hut to cover him, and with fire to make a comfortable temperature, naturally sought to enliven his rude abode, and to lengthen the short days of winter, by a more steady and enduring light than that given forth by the flickering and smoking fuel on the hearth. He therefore procured strips of dry wood, and setting one end on fire, stuck the other into the sides of his hut. The light thus afforded enabled him to perform his labours or enjoy his amusements during the night. The quantity of smoke and the resinous stench emitted by that sort of torch, soon drove him to some better expedient; hence we find that, at an early period of history, oil placed in some sort of vessel, and burned by means of a fibrous wick, was substituted. Still, for out-door purposes, and in large apartments, flambeaux or torches have never fallen entirely into disuse. In the baronial times they were much employed; but instead of being fastened to the wall, were held by human candlesticks—serfs whose whole business it was to give light to their master and his guests. Sir John Froissart states, in his minute description of the Count de Foix's mode of life at 'Orthes' (Ortez), that when 'he quitted his chamber at midnight for supper, twelve servants bore each a large lighted torch before him, which were placed near his table, and gave a brilliant light to the apartment.' Even so late as the seventeenth century, a similar practice existed in the Scottish Highlands. During great entertainments, a torch-bearer stood behind the chair of each guest; and long strips of dry fir are still called 'cannel' or candle fir.

In tracing the origin of the lamp, we naturally turn to the records of the earliest civilised people; but it is singular that the paintings and sculptures of Egypt, which afford such ample and curious information on other subjects of ancient domestic comfort, leave us in the dark on the subject of artificial light. 'The paintings,' says Sir Gardner Wilkinson, 'offer no representation which can be proved to indicate a lamp, a torch, or any other kind of light.' A close inspection, however, of some of the funeral processions, reveals, in the hand of one of the figures, something which looks like a torch. The sculptures of Alabastron, again, represent a guard of soldiers, one of whom holds before him, an object which resembles a lantern; but the forms of both torch and lantern are so uncertain as to be insufficient to decide the question. At a later period, lamps were commonly used in Egypt as in other parts of the world. The earliest notice of them is by Herodotus,* who mentions 'a feast of burning lamps' which took place at Sais, and indeed throughout Egypt, at a certain period of the year. The lamps were 'small vases filled with salt and olive oil, on which the wick floated and burnt during the whole night.' The modern lamp-maker, therefore, who flattered himself that he made a discovery when he put forth his 'floating lights,' only reproduced what was in common use more than two thousand years ago. Doubtless the lamps employed for domestic purposes were similar to those described by

* Book II. sec. 62.

Herodotus. Those commonly used by the Jews, after their establishment in Judea, were probably of the same kind. By them lamps formed—as at present in many other creeds and forms of worship—an important feature in their religious ceremonies. The golden lamp-stand, or, as it is rendered, 'candlestick,' was one of the sacred utensils made by Moses to be placed in the Jewish tabernacle. It was made of hammered gold, a talent in weight. It consisted of seven branches supported by a base or foot. These branches were adorned at equal distances with six flowers like lilies, and with as many bowls and knobs placed alternately. Upon the stock and branches of the candlestick were the golden lamps, which were immovable, wherein were put oil and cotton. These seven lamps were lighted every evening, and extinguished every morning. They had their tongs or snuffers to draw the cotton in or out, and dishes under them to receive the sparks or droppings of the oil. This candlestick was placed in the antechamber of the sanctuary, on the south side, and served to illuminate the altar of perfume and the tabernacle of the show-bread. When Solomon had built the temple of the Lord, he placed in it ten golden candlesticks of the same form as that described by Moses—five on the north, and five on the south side of the holy place; but after the Babylonish captivity, the golden candlestick was again placed in the temple as it had been before in the tabernacle by Moses. This sacred utensil, upon the destruction of the Jewish temple by the Romans, was lodged in the temple of peace built by Vespasian; and the representation of it is still to be seen on the triumphal arch at the foot of Mount Palatine, on which Vespasian's triumph is delineated.

Except in the shape and fashion of lamps, no improvement of any importance was made in their construction. Up to a recent period, the principle of the lamp was the same, consisting of an oil vessel—generally open—with a sort of spout along which a wick of rush, pith, or cotton was laid, to conduct the oil to the flame. A vast number of these lamps have been found amongst the remains of Pompeii, Herculaneum, and other places, some having elegant, and others grotesque shapes; according, of course, to the places they were designed to illuminate. They were applied to three principal uses:—First, for religious rites in temples, or for festivals, for both the Egyptians and the Athenians celebrated certain festivals by means of public illuminations. Secondly, lamps were deposited in sepulchres; but their chief use was, thirdly, in domestic life. These, among the Romans, were mostly of *terra cotta*, and bronze; but golden, silver, glass, and even marble lamps, are mentioned by various authors. Those of *terra cotta* were usually of a long, round form, flat, and without feet; but when expensive materials were used, more elaborate forms were adopted. At the orifice for pouring in the oil, a mythological figure was designed in relief. Sometimes the whole lamp consisted of an elegant or a grotesque figure. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1751, there are several plates of very curious Roman lamps. The stand of one is formed by a representation of a fowl's leg and claws supporting the bust of a man with his mouth open, out of which protrudes the wick of the lamp. Another is a sandaled foot, with a hole in the nail of the great toe for the burner. The heads of all sorts of animals were fashioned for lamps, and indeed every object which presented an orifice out of which a flame might naturally or unnaturally be made to issue. One of the prettiest of these designs is that of a Mercury crouching behind the stump of a hollow tree; from the hollow proceeds the light, and the figure is represented as kindling the flame by blowing with his breath.

Roman domestic lamps (*lucerna*) were either suspended by chains from the ceiling, or stood on candelabra. These are perhaps amongst the most elegant objects which have been spared to us by antiquity. They were very tall, and consisted of three and sometimes four pieces—the foot, the shaft, and the *discus* or plate. The slender shaft was usually fluted, and rested on three feet

of animals, above which was some leaf ornament; it terminated in a capital, on which was a kind of vase, covered by the plate bearing the lamp. Sometimes a head or figure was above the capital, and supported the plate. The candelabra produced at *Egina* and *Tarentum* were especially remarkable for the beauty of their workmanship, and each piece signalled itself in the construction of certain parts. Some have a second plate immediately above the foot, and are beautifully ornamented. There were also Corinthian ones, as they were called, which sold at high prices; but Pliny denies that they are genuine. There were also candelabra so constructed that the lamps could be raised or lowered; in these the shaft was hollow, and into it a staff was fitted; this bore the plate, and had several holes, into which a pin could be inserted. In some, the animal's feet could be laid together by a hinge attached, and it seems to have been thus made for use on a journey: it was only three palms five inches high, but could be lengthened if necessary. There were also four other sorts of candelabra, in which the simple shaft became either a statue holding a torch, from which the lamp burned, or above which two arms were raised, holding the plate; or the shaft was changed into a column, whereon a Moor's head served as a lamp. But still more numerous are those called *lampadaria*; they are stems of trees, or pillars standing on a base, from the capital of which the lamps were suspended. But these must not be confounded with the *lychnuchi* mentioned by Pliny, as he was describing something unusual; and the *lychnuchi pensiles* may perhaps be compared to our chandeliers.*

The lamp, either hung from the ceiling of the apartment, or placed on one of these superb stands, was filled with vegetable oil by means of vessels very like modern butter-boats, and called *infrondibula*. The wick was either of hemp, flax, or the leaves of a kind of *verbascum* or lungwort, whence this plant is sometimes called torch-weed. A lamp is said to have been found at *Stabiae*, with the wick still preserved. Instruments for snuffing were fastened by a chain to the lamp, together with small pincers for raising the wick; though, when the lamp was in the form of a human figure, these instruments were held in its hand.

When lighted, nothing but constant wont and habit could have made the smoke and smell of the lamp tolerable to the ancients. Their faces and clothes—especially at a feast where an unusual number of lights were employed—became blackened; and a Roman beauty could hardly retain her charms long after the commencement of a night festival. The gorgeous ornaments of the rooms were also damaged from the same cause; and Vitruvius directs, in his work on architecture, that, to hide the unsightly stains of smoke, the panels should be black, with red and yellow margins, and polished, so that the smut may be readily removed by servants. Various efforts were made from time to time to do away with the inconvenience, but they never thought of having glass chimneys. Candles were resorted to; and, indeed, the candelabra were originally made to hold them, though, from the imperfect manner in which the *candelæ* were manufactured, they were replaced by lamps. Rushes and papyrus fibres, smeared over with wax or tallow, were in use for temporary purposes—for lighting lamps, or for going from one chamber to another. Becker, in his admirable classical novel of 'Gallus,' makes his hero return home late at night, and is received by his freed-man, Chresimus, who 'proceeded to light a wax candle at one of the lamps, and led the way through the saloons and colonnades to the sleeping apartment of his lord.' According to Pliny, wax and tallow candles were employed in religious offices, and they have continued to be so used ever since. In the twelfth century, wax candles, some of them of great length and thickness, were generally seen in Roman Catholic churches, smaller ones being upheld in chandeliers; the lighting, trimming, and putting out of

* See Becker's 'Gallus,' translated by Frederick Metcalf, B. A.

which, being occasionally performed as a religious rite. Thus, there was the process of excommunicating by inch of candle: the sinner was summoned to appear at the lighting of a small piece of candle, and was allowed to come to repentance while it continued burning; but should he neglect to present himself before the candle went out, he remained finally excommunicated. To this practice is traced the custom of auction sales 'by the candle,' which is still in vogue, especially in seaports. When the merchandise is put up for sale, the bystanders are allowed to bid while a small piece of candle remains ignited, but when it goes out, the 'lot' is adjudged to the last bidder.

As refinement increased, candles were gradually introduced from sacred to private edifices, and used for domestic purposes, almost to the exclusion of lamps. They have remained pretty much the same for centuries; consisting chiefly of cotton wicks surrounded by tallow or wax. Even those made with all the improvements of modern science are expensive, and give very little light; but those still used in countries into which such improvements have not penetrated, are only calculated to make darkness visible. The following picture of a room in Cairo at night, presents as cheerless an aspect as an apartment must have done in Europe during what we call 'the dark ages':—Mr Lane, in his 'Modern Egyptians,' informs us that the light of one or two candles, placed on the floor, or on a stool, and sometimes surrounded by a large glass shade, or enclosed in a glass lantern, on account of the windows being merely of lattice-work, is generally thought sufficient for a large and lofty saloon. In the winter, the saloon is quite as sombre, for, as there is no fireplace, it is warmed by a brazier, or chafin-dish (called *muncud*), made of tinned copper, full of burning charcoal, placed on the floor, into which perfume is occasionally thrown. The Egyptians take great delight in perfumes, and often fumigate their apartments, most commonly with frankincense, benzoin or cascarilla bark, and aloes wood; ambergris is rarely used on account of its costliness. The wood is moistened before being placed on the charcoal.

We must now describe the manner in which artificial light is produced. So little commonplace will this information be, that we believe there are comparatively few persons who know upon what principle illumination from the lamps or candles which they are so constantly using is effected.

'Every light is a gas-light; with this simple difference, that coal gas is made at a distance from the burner, whilst candles and lamps manufacture their gas at the burner. Oil or tallow cannot take fire, unless previously volatilised by heat, which is effected by means of the wick, through the fibres of which the melted tallow or wax rises, in consequence of capillary attraction. The wick, itself easily inflamed by another ignited body, when lighted, heats the oil to a degree which brings it to the condition of vapour or gas, and that igniting as it rises, supplies the flame. The oil first raised and volatilised is in this manner dissipated by combustion; more succeeds to fill its place, and thus a constant combustion is kept up. A candle, however, differs from a lamp in a very essential circumstance. The oil of the lamp is always fluid, and only requires to be boiled into vapour by the heat of the wick; but the tallow, being at first solid, has first to be liquefied and brought into the state of oil. That which is in the vicinity of the wick is first melted, and the external rim of the candle not being rendered fluid, a cup is thus formed which contains the melted portion. The melted tallow or oil being boiled by the flame into the state of vapour, ascends in a column, and, being heated to a high temperature, it combines rapidly with the oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere, the heat evolved being so great as to cause the vapour to be white hot, and very luminous, thus constituting visible flame. But the combustion that occasions this can only take place in that part of the column of hot vapour which is in contact with the atmosphere,

namely, the exterior surface. The flame of a candle or lamp, then, is not solid throughout, but is only a thin film of white hot vapour, enclosing a quantity of heated vapour, which, for want of oxygen, is incapable of attaining the greatest degree of heat in burning. In other words, it is only the vapour which rises from the outside of the wick, which, coming in contact with the atmosphere, takes up from it sufficient oxygen to cause ignition. That in the inside of the flame not being immediately supplied with oxygen, rises unburnt from the centre of the wick in the form of smoke. By a pretty experiment, it is possible to extract the unburnt vapour from the centre of the flame, and to inflame it. Procure a piece of a small glass tube, having a bore of an eighth of an inch; insert the end of it dexterously into the dark part of the flame where the hollow is supposed to be, and the unburnt vapour will ascend through the tube, and may be set fire to at the top by a piece of lighted paper, forming a smaller flame of the same kind as the first.* Exactly upon this principle coal gas is manufactured and conducted through pipes.

Candles no sooner came into general domestic use, than their superiority over the oil lamps of old was found so great, that up to a recent period no other light was so much used. Still, they have their faults, and though these are trifling, they are felt to be extremely inconvenient in this age of luxurious comfort. Tallow candles, especially, constantly require to be snuffed; their light, therefore, is uncertain. Wax candles, which require no snuffing, are too expensive for general use; hence numerous compositions have been made, meant to combine the conveniences of wax with the cheapness of tallow; such as spermaceti, stearine, &c. Comparatively, all candles are expensive, considering the small quantity of light each gives, and there always has been a desire to readapt lamps, so improved as to make house-lighting a cheaper process. For this reason an immense aggregate of mechanical ingenuity has been from time to time expended upon the construction of lamps, so as to render them fit for domestic purposes.

Yet from the earliest times to 1780, no serviceable improvement was made; but in that year M. Argand, a native of Geneva, promulgated an invention of great advantage. It has been before explained, that the interior of an ordinary flame consists of gas which is not inflamed, because it is debarred from mixing with the oxygen of the atmosphere. Argand, therefore, caused a circular wick to be constructed, so burnt in a hollow burner, that the air not only came to the outside, but also to the inside of the flame; a draught of air being produced by a glass chimney, which, protecting the flame from draughts, caused little or no smoke. So excellent was this principle proved to be, that every succeeding inventor made it a basis of improvement, few attempting to adopt any other sort of burner; their ingenuity being chiefly expended on other parts of the lamp. The most elegant improvement was the annular table lamp, the oil reservoir of which consisting of a circular tube placed below the light, casts comparatively no shadow,† which all lamps upon the old construction did. The rays of light were the more equally diffused by the intervention of a large ground-glass shade.

The chief objections to the best lamps are the difficulty of keeping them in order, from a constant clogging of the burner and ducts, and the expense of oil, the very best of which can only be used in them with success. A late inventor has introduced a lamp in which cheap oil may be burnt, by causing it to be heated before rising to the flame. The cistern in this case is contained in a tube which immediately surrounds the upper part of the flame, so that while it is burning, the oil is kept hot, and the more readily volatilised when

* *Cyclopædia of Domestic Economy*, p. 123.

† This sort of lamp, much improved, is called the *sinumbra* (since unburnt, no shade) lamp.

taken up by the wick. Another very clever, because simple invention, is that called the solar lamp. A cap is placed upon the burner, so as to cause a great draught of air to discharge itself at the bottom of the flame, keeping up a constant supply of oxygen. Common oil in this lamp burns with little smoke, and if the best oil be used, the smoke is hardly perceptible.

To enumerate a tithe of the light-giving inventions which have been made during the last fifty years, would occupy a vast amount of space and patience. We can only add, therefore, that bituminous substances have been used to manufacture inflammable fluids as substitutes for oil, such as naphtha. An essential oil called camphine has been lately introduced, and employed, in a lamp made expressly to burn it, with success.

A singular fate has attended most of these inventions. When they first appear, their patrons and purchasers are in a sort of rapture at their apparent perfection. They are employed for a certain time with gratification to the customer and profit to the inventor; but in a little while, some little fault not evinced at first makes its appearance, the charm of the invention gradually disappears, and the disappointed housekeeper returns to candles. One or two of the lamps we have enumerated have, however, maintained a very good reputation.

Good coal gas, conducted from the manufactory by means of metal pipes to the place of burning, appears to supply every desideratum; but the difficulty of procuring it pure, combined with a strong prejudice against it, has retarded its introduction into English private houses. In the large towns of Scotland, however, gas is all but universally in use for domestic illumination. The coal from which it is made being better adapted for its manufacture than that used in English gasometers, renders it of a better quality; though the great improvements which have been made of late in the purifying process have so greatly bettered the quality of English gas, that private families are gradually adopting it. The advantages of gas light are thus summed up in the *Cyclopedia of Domestic Economy*:—"Its cheapness, compared with any other, when much light is required; the vast saving of the time and labour that would be necessary for cleaning and trimming lamps, or in cleaning candlesticks and snuffing candles, together with the constant attendance required for these operations. Gas lights are perfectly cleanly, and are not accompanied with the dropping of grease and spilling of oil which accompany the other modes of lighting. They may likewise be easily conveyed by pipes to situations where it would be difficult to fix any other lights. When the gas is managed in the best way, the light is extremely agreeable, and the smoke which always proceeds from candles is avoided. No sparks fly off to set houses on fire, and when artificial light is not required, by stopping off the gas from the main pipe, no escape and after-explosion need be dreaded. The chief objection to gas is its want of portability.

In reference to economy, Dr Ure's experiments have determined the following facts:—If a certain quantity of light from tallow candles cost 1s., an equal quantity from an Argand lamp will cost 6½d., and from gas 2½d.

N. P. WILLIS'S DASHES AT LIFE.

The Pencillings by the Way of our American friend Mr Willis made some noise in England. Many exclaimed against the liberties taken with private life, but all felt the charm of the lively description. Perhaps there never was a better thing of its kind than the account of the morning at Gordon Castle. Since then, the American attaché has been pursuing a literary career in his native country, and occasionally making himself heard of on this side of the water. He is a magazine-writer of the first mark—sharp, rattling, superficial, and all this with the twang of his country's peculiarities.

On the present occasion, he gives the British public

three volumes of his magazine papers, and three amusing volumes they are.* Here and there we find ourselves at fault with some New York or Massachusetts refinement of humour; now and then there is a dash of—we must say it—vulgarity; but the book is nevertheless a capital afternoon one, for one thing Mr Willis has covenanted never to be—dull. In 'Passages from a Correspondence Written at New York,' we find him describing a plan for a novel kind of hotel, of the kind which grow out to such luxuriance in America. 'I understand it has lately occurred to some gentlemen with open eyes, that anchorage is cheaper than ground-rent—that a ship of war is but a spacious hotel upside down, and that the most desirable site for a summer residence, as to pure air, neighbourhood, novelty, and economy, is now occupied by the Independence and North Carolina, the men-of-war just off the battery. The latter ship being unseaworthy, it is proposed to purchase her of the government for the experiment. It is estimated that she can accommodate comfortably three hundred persons. The immense upper-deck is to be covered with a weather-proof awning, blue and white, in the style of the Alhambra, and given up entirely to dining, dancing, lounging, and the other uses of hotel drawing-rooms. A more magnificent promenade than this immense deck, cleared of guns and lumber fore and aft, and surrounded entirely by luxurious sofas, could scarcely be imagined. The kitchens and offices are to occupy the forward part of the second deck, or, if the vessel is crowded, to be transferred to a small tender alongside. The port-holes are to be enlarged to spacious windows, and the two decks below, which are above the water-line, will be entirely occupied by splendid rooms, open to the entire breadth of the bay, and furnished in the Oriental and cushioned style, suitable to the luxurious wants of hot weather. Minute barges will ply to and from the shore, connected with the Waverley line of omnibuses; bath-houses will be anchored just astern; a café and ice-cream shop will be established in the main and mizen-tops (to be reached by a covered staircase); and sofas, for the accommodation of smokers, will be put under a pent-house roof, outside the vessel, in the main-chains. The cockpit and hold will of course unite the uses of a hotel garret and cellar. It will have the advantage of other hotels, in swinging round with the tide, so that the lodgers on both sides of the ship will see, by turns, from the windows the entire panorama of the bay. When lightened of her guns, and her upper spars and rigging, it is thought she will float so much higher as to bear piercing for another line of port-hole windows, affording some bachelors' rooms at the water line, corresponding in price and convenience with the sky-chambers of the Astor. An eccentric individual, I am told, has bargained for a private parlour, to be suspended under the bowsprit, in imitation of the nest of the hanging-bird. Altogether, the scheme seems charming and feasible. The name of the hotel, by the way, is to be "Saratoga Afloat;" the waiters are to be dressed in the becoming toggery of tars; and the keeper of the house is to wear a folded napkin, epaulette fashion, on either shoulder, and to be called invariably "commodore."

The light tales in this book we can only speak of as sparkling and clever; passages from them would be of no avail. The manner in which Mr Willis tells a story may, however, be conceived from a passage in a sketch called 'Mr Goggins.' This person is an American tradesman, who, suddenly enriched, goes to Paris with his family, and commences a brilliant style of life, in which he secures general admiration purely by the efficacy of 'plain business tact.' 'Perhaps we should,' says the author, 'give more credit to this faculty in Goggins. It is possibly not far removed from the genius of a great financier or eminent state treasurer. It is the power of coming directly at values, and ridding them of their

* Dashes at Life with a Free Pencil. By N. P. Willis. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co. 1845.

"riders"—of getting for less what others from want of penetration get for more. I am inclined to think Goggins would have been quite as successful in any other field of calculation, and one instance of a very different application of his reasoning powers would go to favour the belief.

"While in Italy, he employed a celebrated but imprudent artist to paint a picture, the subject of which was a certain event of rather a humble character, in which he had been an actor. The picture was to be finished at a certain time, and at the urgent plea of the artist the money was advanced. The time expired, and the picture was not sent home, and the forfeited bond of the artist was accordingly put in suit. The delinquent, who had not thought twice of the subject, addressed one or two notes of remonstrance to his summary employer, and receiving no reply, and the law crowding very closely upon his heels, he called upon Goggins and appealed, among other arguments, to the difference in their circumstances, and the indulgent pity due from rich to poor.

"Where do you dine to-day?" asked Goggins. "To-day—let me see—Monday—I dine with Lady ——" (The artist, as Goggins knew, was a favourite in the best society in Florence.) "And where did you dine yesterday?" "Yesterday—hum—yesterday I dined with Sir George ——. No! I breakfasted with Sir George, and dined with the grand chamberlain. Excuse me! I have so many engagements—" "Ah!—and you are never at a loss for a dinner or a breakfast?" "The artist smiled. "No!" "Are you well lodged?" "Yes—on the Arno." "And well clad, I see." (The painter was rather a dandy withal.)

"Well, sir!" said Goggins, folding up his arms, and looking sterner than before, "you have, as far as I can understand it, every luxury and comfort which a fortune could procure you, and none of the care and trouble of a fortune, and you enjoy these advantages by a claim which is not liable to bankruptcy, nor to be squandered, nor burnt—without the slightest anxiety, in short."

"The artist assented.

"So far, there is no important difference in our worldly condition, except that I have this anxiety and trouble, and am liable to these very casualties." Goggins paused, and the painter nodded again. "And now, sir, over and above this, what would you take to exchange with me the esteem in which we are severally held—you to become the rich, uneducated, and plain Simon Goggins, and I to possess your genius, your elevated tastes, and the praise and fame which these procure you?" The artist turned uneasily on his heels. "No, sir!" continued Goggins; "you are not a man to be pitied, and least of all by me. And I don't pity you, sir. And what's more, you shall paint that picture, sir, or go to prison. Good morning, sir."

"And the result was a painting, finished in three days, and one of the masterpieces of that accomplished painter, for he embodied, in the figure and face of Goggins, the character which he had struck out so unexpectedly—retaining the millionaire's friendship and patronage, though never again venturing to trifle with his engagements."

We conclude with another very brief extract, where some of Mr Willis's English recollections are drawn upon. "The covered promenade of the Burlington Arcade is, on rainy days, a great allure for a small chop-house hard by, called 'The Blue Posts.' This is a snug little tavern, with the rear of its two storeys cut into a single dining-room, where chops, steaks, ale, and punch may be had in unusual perfection. It is frequented ordinarily by a class of men peculiar, I should think, to England—taciturn, methodical in their habits, and highly respectable in their appearance—men who seem to have no amusements and no circle of friends, but who come in at six, and sit over their punch and the newspapers till bed-time, without speaking a syllable, except to the waiter, and apparently turning a cold shoulder of discouragement to any one in the room who may be

disposed to offer a passing remark. They hang their hats daily on the same peg, daily sit at the same table (where the chair is turned down for them by "Villiam," the short waiter), daily drink a small pitcher of punch after their half-pint of sherry, and daily read, from beginning to end, the Herald, Post, and Times, with the variation of the *Athenaeum* and *Spectator* on Saturdays and Sundays. I at first hazarded various conjectures as to their condition in life. They were evidently unmarried, and men of easy though limited means—men of no great care, and no high hopes, and in a fixed station; yet of that degree of intelligence and firm self-respect which, in other countries (the United States, certainly, at least), would have made them sought for in some more social and higher sphere than that with which they seemed content. I afterward obtained something of a clue to the mystery of the "Blue Posts" society, by discovering two of the most respectable-looking of its customers in the exercise of their daily vocations. One—a man of fine phrenological development, rather bald, and altogether very intellectual in his "*os sublime*"—I met at the rooms of a fashionable friend, taking his measure for pantaloons. He was the foreman of a celebrated Bond Street tailor. The other was the head shopman of a famous haberdasher in Regent Street; and either might have passed for Godwin the novelist, or Babbage the calculator—with those who had seen those great intellects only in their imaginations. It is only in England that men who, like these, have read or educated themselves far above their situations in life, would quietly submit to the arbitrary disqualifications of their pursuits, and agree unresistingly to the sentence of exile from the society suited to their mental grade. The truth of this remark must be recognised by all who have looked below the surface of that mass of artificial life which constitutes London.

MESSRS CHAMBERS'S SOIRÉE.

(From the *Glasgow Citizen*—with additions.)

On the evening of Wednesday last (6th August), the annual soiree or entertainment given by Messrs W. and R. Chambers to the numerous persons in their employment, took place in the large Waterloo-Room, Edinburgh, which was appropriately fitted up for the occasion. The manner in which the tables were disposed was somewhat peculiar, and deserves to be mentioned. Instead of a platform for the speakers being placed at one end, there was a platform ranged along one side, in the centre of which was the seat for the chairman, while in front of it tables were radiated like a fan, so that all could see and hear, and be at the same time in the eye of the speakers. On the opposite side of the room was a similar platform and seat for the vice-chairman. When we entered, shortly after six o'clock, we were struck with the elegant appearance of the company, albeit the greater number belonged to the operative class, as well as with the neatness of the arrangements and decorations. On a raised stage opposite the door, Spindler's band was booming forth a favourite national air; but our attention was soon distracted by the entrance of the givers of the entertainment, Mr William Chambers, who took his seat as chairman, and Mr Robert Chambers, who acted as vice-chairman. Both sat down amidst loud bursts of applause, and the congratulations of the numerous friends who supported them on either side.

After tea and coffee being served, Mr William Chambers rose and spoke as follows:—Ladies and Gentlemen—It is my duty to open the business of the present meeting by mentioning its objects and character. This is the eighth annual soiree or entertainment given by my brother and myself to the persons in our employment, now about 150 in number; besides whom, on the present occasion, there are a number of their and our friends, altogether forming a party of upwards of 300. Our object is now, as in former years, to unite the two classes of employers and employed in a friendly social meeting, with a view to the cultivation of a good spirit between the parties. This spirit it has always been our desire to promote, and that our efforts have not been thrown away is evidenced in the harmony

which has prevailed for years, and still prevails, in our establishment. In addition to the ordinary payment for labour, my brother and I feel that we do no more than our duty in now tendering our best thanks for the diligence and good conduct displayed by all in our employment during the past twelve months—and not only so, but for the uniform courtesy and respect shown towards us, as well as those to whom more immediately belongs the superintendence of our affairs. And in doing so, I entertain a lively hope that nothing shall ever occur to mar the happy feeling that now subsists between us. Hitherto, it has been customary to give this entertainment in one of the halls of our printing-office; but that is no longer possible or convenient, in consequence of the growth of our numbers and the extension of our business. We regret the change, for there was something extremely interesting in finding ourselves seated at the social board amidst the very scenes of our daily industry. It has, however, been unavoidable, and I can only express my hope that the meeting in this public room will be marked as much by the spirit of peace and good-will as our former assemblages. It has been customary for me, in opening proceedings, to bring forward a sort of budget of the operations of the year. I do not know whether this be quite right, seeing that it is somewhat egotistical; yet I daresay it may, after all, not be the worst way of entreating you for one or two minutes, to present to you a statement of our recent operations. You are of course aware that we print and otherwise prepare nothing but our own works, and such has latterly been the increased demand for these productions, that we have, during the last six months, doubled the extent of our premises. We now accommodate ten printing-machines, driven by a steam-engine of from ten to twelve horse-power, and calculate on being able to print and send forth 50,000 sheets daily. During the past year, for a part of which we had only five machines, we have printed altogether twelve millions of sheets, and thus used about twenty-five thousand reams of paper. Among the works absorbing this mass of paper, the leading one has been the *Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, the average circulation of which has been 153,000 weekly, while of some particular numbers not fewer than 240,000 have been sold. The next place is taken by the *Journal*, the oldest of our publications, which averages 88,000 weekly. The remainder of the account is made up by reprints of our *Information for the People*, *Cyclopædia of English Literature*, and *Educational Course*. Such a vast diffusion of literary matter is of course a novelty in the world, and may be pointed to as an undeniable proof of the activity of mind in our time among the middle and humbler classes. I cannot but feel pleasure in this reflection that, as far as our abilities permit, the whole of this literary mass is fraught with beneficial objects. We seek, while entertaining mankind, also to instruct and moralise them—to elevate each reader a step higher in the moral and intellectual scale. Every new idea that appears likely to lessen the sufferings or promote the happiness of our race, is sure of encouragement from us. It must be known to you that our *Journal* and other publications are carried on without the aid of sect, party, or association of any kind. Trusting to our own pens and our own purposes, with such literary assistance as could be obtained, we have addressed the human heart, and have there found a response which enables us to pursue our course. Convinced that in literature, as in everything else, integrity and independence of principle are the soundest policy, it is our resolution to continue to avoid all sectarian or controversial topics, and to address ourselves to all sects, all parties, all races, on one common ground of enlarged humanity, leaving to others what they may further believe to be necessary. Mr Chambers concluded by referring to various arrangements connected with their establishment designed to render the men comfortable, in particular a library for their free and daily use. He then in a feeling manner called up several boys to receive prizes for good conduct, which were distributed amidst much applause.

Among the other proceedings of the evening was a reply from the working-men of the establishment, delivered by Mr Daniel Anderson, one of the compositors.

[Mr Chairman.—The recurrence of the present festal occasion brings me before you as representing the various individuals composing the establishment of Messrs Chambers, to respond to those sentiments of affectionate kindness which have just fallen from our respected chairman; and to express our ardent desire, that such declarations

of reciprocal regard may not merely be exchanged between us on such occasions as the present, but that each individual in this large and increasing establishment—from its more important functionaries to the most humble and obscure of its members—individually imbibing the spirit which has pervaded the address of Mr Chambers, may henceforth resolve to conduct himself towards those with whom he is associated in the business of this establishment, as to impress more thoroughly upon our hearts, by seeing it run through all our actions, the interesting and humanising truth of the 'brotherhood of man.' This truth it is the object of such meetings as the present, if not to create, at least to cherish and perpetuate. And by making it thus to appear as a principle tinging our external behaviour, we will learn that, in the prosecution of what is sometimes called the 'every-day business of life,' there is a possibility of doing it in such a manner as to manifest it is not mere duty in which we are engaged, but as affording scope for the exercise of a principle by which we not only impart, but also simultaneously receive, good of a very salutary nature; that good which you, our employers, have sought in years past, and do still seek to find existing among the various individuals in your establishment, as also among the various classes into which society is divided; we mean, the principle which leads men to respect and esteem each other, so as to live peaceably together. Need we say, in accordance with this remark, that we congratulate you upon the success which has attended your literary exertions during so many past years, but especially during the one just drawing to a close; inasmuch as to compel you greatly to extend your premises, and to increase the number of your servants.

That the success of your various undertakings in periodical literature is to be ascribed at once to their cheapness, and, generally speaking, their adaptation to that class of the community for whose benefit they are intended, we do not doubt; indeed the voice of our country has removed all grounds for such doubt, in the liberal patronage it has bestowed upon your efforts. In this respect, our present meeting has a very important and interesting aspect over all former ones; for we thought the name of the Messrs Chambers had already been rendered sufficiently familiar and honourable to every man in the country, as standing associated with the *Journal*, the *Information for the People*, and the *Cyclopædia of English Literature*; but to-night we have listened to their doings for another year, and the result is such as to excite in us feelings of surprise and delight.

That these periodicals, to which we have referred, in connexion with the *Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Tracts*, have been the means of informing the minds and improving the hearts of our fellow-workmen, and so preventing numbers of them from resorting to more vicious indulgences, is a fact which few will be disposed to call in question; and we could heartily wish that thousands more of them would become convinced of the superior, refined, and innocent pleasure derivable from association with a book in any one of the favourite departments of literature, as also of the immense advantage which would thereby accrue to themselves, to their families, and to society itself. Gentlemen, to be employed in dislodging from the stronghold of the mind those barriers to its expansion and profitable development—ignorance and superstition—is unquestionably a noble and patriotic vocation, worthy of the greatest efforts. So, by presenting to your readers select treatises upon the various branches of scientific knowledge, you serve to awaken feelings calculated to rouse them from that moral lethargy which too often envelopes the masses of mankind, and to afford the momentum which may afterwards induce them to a steady progression in the attainment of useful knowledge.

We have given expression to these simple thoughts, as being generally indicative of the benefits of such knowledge to the humble mechanic; as tending to raise him on the platform of intelligent existence; and as forming a useful recreation for his leisure hours. But education has also an extensive and powerful effect upon the civilisation of mankind. Enlighten the mind of the barbarian as to the true position he is intended to occupy in creation, and his capability of doing so after a little training; explain to him the true nature of the universe in which he is located, of the nature of those laws by which it is governed, and the true principle of Theism, together with his relation to his brethren, and you have at least pioneered the way to effect one of the most glorious revolutions of which we can con-

ceive. Let in, for example, any of the truths of science upon the darkened mind, and you behold the soul of an intelligent being becoming sensible of its own inherent powers—struggling to burst those trammels which, when annihilated, usher him, delighted and astonished, into a new world, because you furnish him with a new optical medium through which to view it.

Finally, those privileges which we under your superintendence have now enjoyed for a number of years, and which have been already on former occasions duly acknowledged, we cannot refrain from noticing yet again, as their importance we continue to appreciate and value. We refer to our library, the seasonable time at which we receive our wages, the regularity of hours which most of us enjoy—a regularity which has only been interrupted by the extraordinary demand for the *Miscellany* and some other works, thus compelling you to extend our hours of labour to an otherwise inconvenient length; but which, we hope, the recent extension of your premises, and the increase you have found it necessary to make in your machinery and servants, will tend in a great measure, if not wholly, to supersede; the Saturday afternoons also, which, although the hours of freedom we then enjoy are made up during the other days of the week, we still reckon a great privilege, and long to see all the other establishments in the country put in possession of the same blessing. The encouragement you have also given to those two individuals in your employment who, in the spirit of true philanthropy, have devoted a portion of their time on the Sabbath evenings to the religious instruction of the junior members of the establishment, is worthy of present mention. For all these benefits we tender to you our sincere thanks, and conclude with expressing our hope that you may be still spared to continue your efforts in the dissemination of that information whose tendency is to remove ignorance and superstition from the human mind, and to aid in the progression of that enlightenment which, in co-operation with Christianity, is to effect the moral conquest and regeneration of the world, when the now somewhat trite, but beautiful sentence, shall have a complete embodiment in the actual affairs of life, 'Men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; they shall hang their trumpets in their halls, and study war no more.'

An address or essay on the condition of the working-classes was next delivered by Mr Robert Chambers.

[My friends—I would take this opportunity of making a few remarks on the condition and prospects of the working-classes. I mean to be very short, for this is not an occasion when patience is to be expected for long speeches or dissertations.

That discontent with their position and share of the profits of industry prevails very generally among the working-classes, is too obvious a fact to require being here insisted on. It is less heard of at present than it was two or three years ago, because at present almost every man fit for work is in good employment, and there is accordingly little immediate sense of hardship. But the existence of a deep and settled feeling of discontent is nevertheless true, and it is to this that I am to address myself on the present occasion. Now, I not only admit the fact of the discontent, but I believe that it is not without cause. But I think, at the same time, that there is a right as well as a wrong way of expounding and arguing upon the case of the working-classes, as against the rest of society, and the employing class in particular. I also believe that much of what the working-classes complain of is essentially connected with the present state of society, and only can be remedied by favour of certain social improvements which it will require time to effect. The arrangements between masters and their people partake of that imperfection which may be said to characterise all existing institutions, through the ignorance and prejudices of man, and which it is the grand object of the wise and good of this age to remove.

The position of the working-classes is now, like many other things, in a transition state. They were once slaves, afterwards retainers; now they are free workmen. This is the highest point which they have as yet been able to reach in any country; but we may fairly expect that this is not to be their ultimatum. It cannot be—if they improve, and society improve with them. It is common to express doubts if the last move of the workers, namely, that from the retainer to the free operative, has been an improvement. I would class this notion with that which asserts the beatitude of our quondam West India slaves,

and deplores their being brought to the miseries attendant upon emancipation. It seems sad for the working-man to lack that kindly protection which he enjoyed from his feudal master. Such protection, I grant, was well in its own time, when there could be nothing better. But does it never occur to the scions of Young England that there is a very alarming resemblance between the protection which a baron extended to his servants, and that which he extended to the animals which equally served him, his horses, and his dogs? Do they not see that, when one man assumes even the position of a protector over another, he degrades that other person? For my part, I am totally unable to see what right any human being has to act the protector towards another. No—upon all such relations as this, I cannot but think the present position of the independent labourer a great improvement. Ten times rather let me have my stipulated wages and no more—even though I never once interchange a word with my master—than have him pretending to a right to take care of me, as if, forsooth, I were such a child as to be unable to take care of myself. In the one condition, the manly virtues must shrink and die; the other tends to elicit self-reliance, and is the needful step to something better. There may, however, be much kindly feeling between employers and the most independent of labourers. My brother and I, for example, while we respect the independence of our co-operators, are not on that account the less friendly with them. I believe, on the contrary, that there is a purer kind of good-will between us, from the very fact that each party is independent of the other. Our mutual good feelings are the more nearly those which exist between equals in the common world. Any interchange of civility stands the more clear of all imagination of an inferior motive.

I regard, then, the position of the independent working-man as a point in progress. It is something better than anything which has been before, wanting, no doubt, some of those pleasant-looking features which marked the condition of the retainer, but more than making up for this by peculiarities of its own; anyhow, it is a point in progress. Now, the first question is, in what light are we to regard this position? It seems to me that the great error of those who write upon the subject, is in treating it as a final position, as if the system of HIRE were a thing so perfect, that it could never be changed for anything else, and as if we had nothing to do but consider by what means the relation of hirer and hired could be made as agreeable to both parties, and as fruitful of good results, as possible. To me, the fact that workers have gone through various phases, already denotes that they are only now going through another phase, and that there are still other phases through which to pass. The world is altogether a system of flux and change. Nothing stands still: new combinations and developments are constantly taking place. With fresh generations come fresh ideas, and dogmas in political and moral philosophy, which are the worship of one age, become the scoff of another. I therefore expect that amongst the improvements of the future, there is to be one regarding the relations of the directors and the executors of labour. To obtain some notion of what this is to be, the readiest course is to consider what are the leading defects and evils of the present arrangements, for it will be in the removal of these that the chief change will take place.

What I think is mainly to be complained of in the present system is, that it tends to send off the hirers and hired in two different directions—the one towards a high intellectual tension and an elevated moral state, along with the possession of great wealth and the consequent enjoyment of great luxury, and the other towards a condition the reverse in all respects. The master, exposed to so many risks, obliged to watch every opportunity of obtaining any advantage in the mercantile world, his mind kept ever on the stretch to devise the most economical means of conducting his operations, necessarily has his faculties called into high exercise. The opportunities he has for the profitable employment of additional capital, prompt him to be self-denying and prudent, even for the better gratification of his acquisitiveness; and thus he advances as a moral being, and as a man of wealth at the same time. How stands it, on the other hand, with the working-man? He has a limited and monotonous range of duties. His intellectual resources are accordingly not brought into full use. Or he is condemned to severe physical exertion, which leaves the mind languid and inert, and thus equally he remains in a low intellectual state. To state the matter in

perhaps its least unpleasant shape, the master is often oppressed with his intellectual duties, while the mind of the workman is starved for want of anything beyond routine to occupy it. Workmen, again, having in general a fixed position and income, and hardly any expectation of ever rising out of it, are not under the same temptations which the masters are, to pursue a frugal and self-denying course, and to cultivate character. Human nature has not such fair-play in their case. It wants the moral land-marks, beacons, and paradises of reward which are planted around the course of the master. Generally speaking, the workmen of a country will be of the average intellect. Here, then, we have the ordinary grade of intellects placed by a mere social arrangement—an institution of man's making—in the circumstances least favourable to moral development and edification. And does not the actual state of matters tally only too well with these assumed causes? There surely can be no offence in saying that, while there is one class of workmen, such as our own here assembled, who conduct themselves respectably, and actually are at this moment tending upwards, there is a still larger class who give themselves little trouble about decent appearances, or anything beyond the gratification of immediate sensual wants. I see the condition of this class, and also such causes for it, that blame on the general point is out of the question; we must feel that we are called upon, not to rebuke or condemn, but, by subtracting the cause, to abolish the effects. We may preach for ever about the want of foresight and prudence in this class, but till we place them in favourable instead of unfavourable circumstances, we shall make no great progress in their reformation.

My idea is, that, through the general progress of the nation in moral conditions, and the particular progress of the working-classes themselves, not even excepting the least promising section of them, we shall in time reach a point when the Independent Worker will advance into something more dignified still. He will pass into a new phase, as much in advance from the present as the present is an advance from the retainer, or the retainer from the slave. I foretell this change, because I have such a faith in the reason and benevolence comprised in our nature, that I believe every error in social polity, and every obstacle to the perfect harmony of man with man, must in time be removed. In the new state, the workers would need to have a more particular interest in the success of the concerns with which they are connected. Their application, their skill, their good behaviour, would need to depend, not on the present inducements, which I think inadequate for the generality, but on their sense of their own particular interests. Their fate should be, like that of masters, expressly dependent, and that to the minutest degree, on the way they acted. Thus we might expect their moral and intellectual being to be fully developed. The condition of masters or directors of labour would also be improved; for though there might be less of mere command, there would be more of mutual kindness, and all harassment about the duty of the worker would be spared, as each man would be a master's eye to himself.

As, in order to attain this means of a large advance, there must in the first place be a certain lesser advance through the operation of weaker causes, we are not to look for any change as to be immediately realised, except, perhaps, in partial experiments under unusually favourable circumstances. Men are naturally prepossessed for what *is*, in preference to what only *might be*. Nor can they be instantly forced by any arguments out of such prejudices. We must wait for time to imbue them with better views, or to replace the old and impracticable with new and better men. We must wait till the workmen themselves have, through external moral means, been fitted for entering upon improved arrangements with their masters. Patience is necessary; for the life of the individual is in no relation whatever to the chronology of great moral revolutions. But is there not much in the meantime to make this lingering endurable? Everywhere throughout Britain, the attention of the best intellects is arrested by the condition of the masses. Evils are seen and acknowledged. Men, without regard to party or sect, express themselves with kindly sympathy regarding the sons of toil. The use of any ungracious language towards them, such as statesmen and wits indulged in fifty years ago, would now be resented by all. Measures are in contemplation for practical improvements both in the physical and moral state of the working-classes. It may indeed be said that the condition of these classes is the great question of this age: it is one

which seems likely in a little while to absorb all others. Can we then doubt that the present system of things will, in the course of a few years, be visited with at least great ameliorations? There is here, surely, some consolation for the complaining parties; some reason why they should sit not altogether without trust and hope under the evils which they feel to be besetting their state. Even in that general moral advance which distinguishes the present age, they may read the promise of better things for themselves; for it is impossible that society at large could be much more humanised than it is, and yet admit of the present unsatisfactory relations between the industrious orders and the rest of the community.

I have now delivered myself of the thoughts which have for some time been in my mind with regard to the condition and prospects of the working-classes. To some they will appear visionary; to myself they might have done so a few years ago; but men are forced, by circumstances emerging in the course of time, to modify their views. I have thought it best to come frankly out with these ideas, such as they are; for, so presented, they at least convey to you a true sense of what one person, and he one to whom such matters are not new, has concluded upon with respect to a great question. I finish, therefore, by asking for my speculations that toleration which I am myself willing to allow to all those who think with sincere good intentions, and pronounce with candour and courtesy.]

Speeches of a fervid and cheering nature from Mr Simpson, the indefatigable friend of the working-classes, and by Mr Vincent on temperance, were given with the best effect; each address being followed by songs and instrumental music. A short but emphatic address from Mr W. Chambers, directed to the junior members of the establishment, concluded this very happy evening.

WILD FLOWERS.

'Tis fair to see our cultured buds their shining tints unfold,
In leaves that wear the sapphire's hue, or mock the sunset's gold;
The lily's grace, the rose's blush, have drawn the admiring gaze,
And won from many a minstrel harp the meed of song and praise;
Oh! they are meet for festal hall, or beauty's courtly bowers,
For those I love the wreath shall be, of wild and woodland flowers!

Bright clustering in the forest shades, or springing from the sod,
As flung from Eden, forth they come, fresh from the hand of God!
No human care hath nurtured them; the wild wind passeth by;
They flourish in the sunshine gleam and tempest-clouded sky;
And oh! like every gift that He, the bountiful, hath given,
Their treasures fall, alike to all, type of his promised heaven!

They bear to us sweet memories of childhood's happy years,
Ere grief had wrung the heart with pain, or dimmed the eye with tears;

They have been twined with playfulness round many a sunny brow,
Where costly pearls and Indian gems are proudly flashing now!
But hiding many a line of care beneath their gorgeous blaze,
That lurked not 'neath the wild flower wreath of youth's untroubled days!

Oh! hide not at the simple theme that wakes the minstrel's lay,
Earth were less bright without the flowers that blossom by the way:

He at whose word the universe her ancient might did yield,
Hath taught proud man a lesson from the lilies of the field.
I thank thee, God! for every boon thy hand in mercy showers,
And oh, not least among thy gifts, the beautiful wild flowers!

—From an old newspaper.

COMPASSION.

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. We should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment; but we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty. —Dr Blair.

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